

THE LIBERATOR

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.

ROBERT F. WALLOUT, General Agent.

TERMS—Two Dollars and fifty cents per an-

num in advance.

Five copies will be sent to one address for ten

copies, if payment be made in advance.

All communications are to be made, and all letters

directed, (not paid), to the General Agent.

Advertisements making less than one square in-

serted three times for 75 cents; one square for \$1.00.

The Agents of the American, Massachusetts,

Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery So-

cieties are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE

LIBERATOR.

The following gentlemen constitute the Finan-

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POTTER.

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VOL. XXX. NO. 3.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1860.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1517.

REFUGEE OF OPPRESSION.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF DEMOCRACY.

The adherents of Democracy, even in the free

States, have at length come out boldly in advocacy

of Slavery as just, and blasphemously quote Scrip-

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and able leader of the party in New York, gave ut-

terance, at the great Union-Saving Meeting in that

city, to the following sentiments:

"In negro Slavery unjust? If it is unjust, it vio-

lates that first rule of human conduct, 'Render to

every man his due.' If it is unjust, it violates the

law of God, which says, 'Love thy neighbor as thy-

self,' for that requires that we should perpetrate no

injustice. And, gentlemen, if it could be maintained

that Negro Slavery was unjust, perhaps we might be

prepared, perhaps we ought to be prepared, to go

to the aid of the oppressed, to whom allusion is

frequently made, and say there is a 'higher law'

which compels us to trample beneath our feet the

Constitution established by our fathers, with all the

blessings it secures to their children. But, gentle-

men, I insist—and that is the argument to which

we must come, which we must meet, and on which

we must come to a conclusion—that shall govern our

action in the future—that the Constitution of the

United States is not unjust; [bravo and cheers;]

[applause.]

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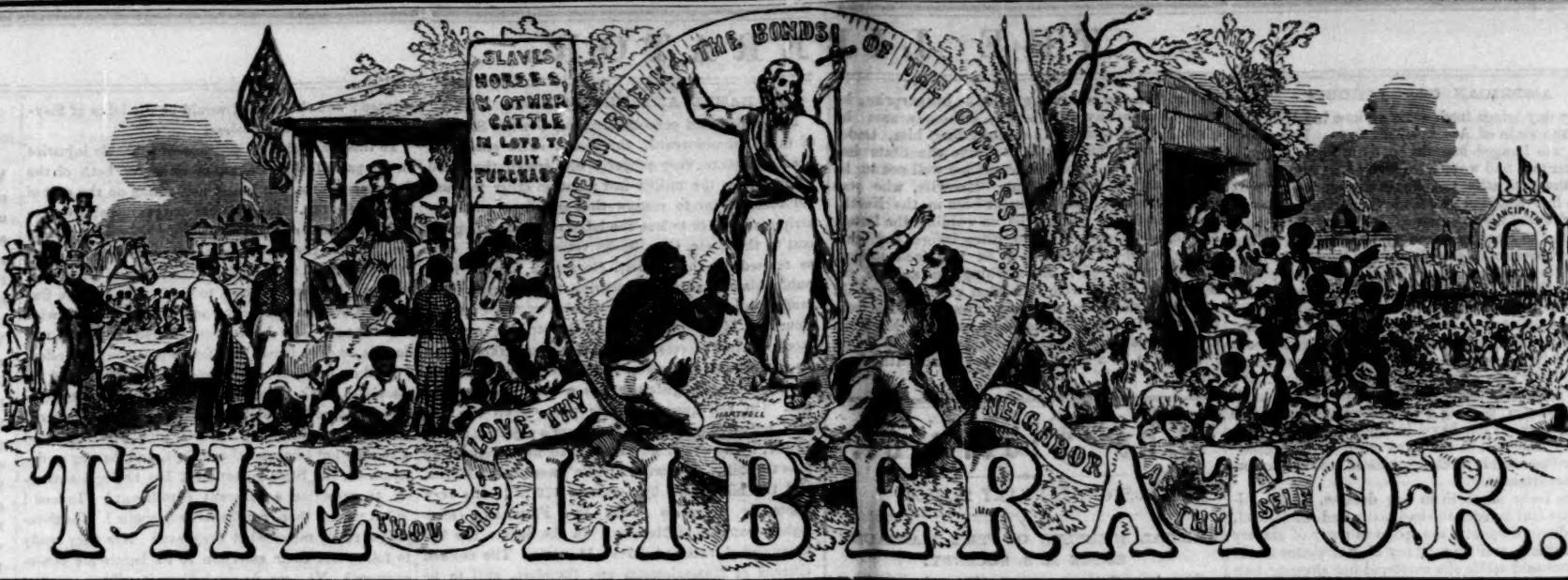
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Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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SELECTIONS.

From the (Edinburgh) Scottish Press, of Dec. 20.

SLAVERY STILL AT ITS DIRTY WORK.

[The writer of the following letter, Miss Remond,

is a young lady of color, now residing in the winter

in London. It shows the unjust treatment of such

persons on board the Cunard steamers, and the

manner in which they are received at the office of

the American Minister in this country.]

Sir,—Every colored American knows, from bitter

experience, the liability to receive insult from

the majority of the American people. We do not

expect it under English influences. My sister, Mrs.

Putnam, and her friends had first-class tickets for

Boston to Liverpool. After the purchase of the tick-

ets, they were informed that they would not be al-

lowed equal privileges with other first-class pas-

sengers. Mrs. Putnam remonstrated with the Boston

agent. The health of two of the party was the ob-

ject of the voyage, more particularly that of one who

left our climate by the advice of his physician as a

last resource for the restoration of his health. No

American vessel will take colored passengers except

with similar restrictions, and if English steamers

imitate American ones, the only reason for colored

persons to take the former in preference to the latter

is that they are sure of kinder treatment on board the English

vessels. A short time after the Europa left Boston,

a water informed Mrs. Putnam and her friends that

they could not go to the table with other first-class

passengers. They asked to see the captain, and he

stated the reason. Mrs. Putnam remonstrated with

him, but he said, as the water had said, that she

and her friends could not be allowed to go to the

table. The captain did not come. The only point

is this—whether men and women guilty of no crime

but having a dark complexion, shall be liable to

such injustice on board English steamers.

The facts relating to the passport are these:—I

called at 24 Portland Place—the office of the Ameri-

can Minister, Hon. Mr. Dallas, with my passport

which I had obtained before leaving the United

States. I asked him to give me a passport to go

to Paris. The Secretary said he would give me a

citizen of the United States, and he could not sign

it. I informed him that I was a citizen of Salem

in Massachusetts, and Massachusetts acknowledged

my citizenship, and the fact of my having the passport

was a proof of my citizenship. The Secretary said

he would sign it, and I said I ought to be satisfied

with his refusal. During the conversation, I turned

to my sister and said, 'Thank God we are in a

country where our rights are respected, and I have

no doubt we can obtain passports which will take

us to France.' This remark called forth from the

gentlemanly Secretary this reply: 'If you do not

cease this conversation, I will have you put out of

this house.' Most earnestly would I ask all who

read this letter to judge what the spirit of the citizen

is that will allow such treatment to its citizens, the

spirit which enslave four millions of men and women,

and insults the free colored population of the

United States? You may read the facts, but no

THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

The gallows has lately closed the career of a man

who will hold no infamous place in history. We

refer, of course, to the execution of John Brown,

the instigator and leader of the slave insurrection

at Harper's Ferry. As we read the particulars of

that lamentable event, we incessantly correct the

fallacious impression established by custom with re-

gard to the ignominiousness of certain modes of

punishment. After all, the hangman is not neces-

sarily the bestower of infamy; the rope does not

always make a man's reputation look more abhor-

rent. Old Brown has died the death of murderers,

but no man ever died in a nobler cause, or

died more nobly. It is a huge misfortune for any

State when its laws condemn men to death for

crime, but the call of its own citizens, and the

bulk of mankind generally, will extol as virtues

this only one aspect of the retributive effects of

slavery. It is not in the nature of things for a

great and civilized nation to connive at an enormous

wrong, without paying the penalty in some form

or another. The rigorousness which the rope does not

world will not be mocked and evaded with impunity.

Twenty millions of white men are physi-

cally competent to hold four millions of black men

in slavery, but it is totally out of their power to

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Scrofula, or King's Evil,
is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it passes to the whole body, and is the cause of disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure blood, and filthy habits, the depressing vice, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation." Indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulceroous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the system of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination, and third and fourth generations of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from one or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are marked by the King's Evil, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,
the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive contamination. Hence it is employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERYTHEMA and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYTHIELLA, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLIGHTS, BLAINS, AND BOILS, TUMORS, DISTILLERS OF THE LIVER, RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, STYPTILIC AND MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DENERITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,
are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely without or evade them. Their penetrating and searching, and, therefore, invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a cathartic, they are superior to any other, inasmuch as they are bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and so efficacious.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of the body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent before named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Catarrhes, Heartburn, Headache, Pain from disordered stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pruritis, and Morbid function of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, impurity of the blood, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.*

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

A cough is the first of the troubles, and so numerous are the cases of its cure, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from *dramatic* almost desperate diseases of the lungs to *impurity of the blood*. We have tried its superiority over every other medicine of its kind it is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known the public no longer hesitate what agents to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the suffering they can never forget, and rendered cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
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AMERICAN CARPETING.
ALL WHICH ARE OFFERED AT
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Sept. 16
JUST PUBLISHED,
The John Brown Invasion,
AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY
— OF THE —
HARPER'S FERRY TRAGEDY;
WITH FULL DETAILS OF
CAPTURE, TRIAL, AND EXECUTION OF
THE INVADERS,
and all the incidents connected therewith; with a
LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT of Capt. John Brown,
from a Photograph by Whipple.
Published by JAMES CAMPBELL, 62 and 64
Cornhill, BOSTON. BY J. D. DYCK & CO., and by
A. WILLIAMS & CO., REDDING, CO., and by
Newsman and Periodical Dealers throughout the Free
States. Dec. 30.

Resistance to Slaveholders!
THIS day published, a pamphlet of 36 pages, entitled—
THE NATICK RESOLUTION;
Resistance to Slaveholders the Right and Duty
of the Southern Slave and Northern Freeman.
BY HERBERT G. WAGNER.
"RESISTANCE TO SLAVEHOLDERS TO GOD."
Price, 10 cents. To be had at Bela Marsh's, 14
Broad-street, Boston, and at the Liberator's office.

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

THE VIRGINIA LADY'S LAMENT.
Zairest fair, Virginia Lady!
Though thy hero be away,
Still thy trembling, hush thy terror—
Thou art safe—be calm and gay.
Lady, thou art pale with watching,
Anxious, weary, and distressed;
Do not faithful slaves surround thee,
Guardians of thy peaceful rest?

'Faithful slaves! we bought some dearly,
Some were raised on our own land;
But what care they for their mistress?
There's not one in all the band—
No, not one among their number,
At my bidding though they fly,
Would, if they beheld me dying,
Shed a tear, or heave a sigh.

'Yet I dream them gay and splendid;
Seldom flog them, feed them well;
But, of course, I mean the hands—
Oh my terrors, who can tell!
Even now perhaps they're plotting
Schemes to take my life away;
All the night I dream of murder,
List each footstep through the day.'

Fairest fair, Virginia Lady,
Are there none whose love you've won,
Not a slave in all your household
To defend you, not even one?
'No, they're all ungrateful creatures,
House and hand-lands all alike;
Though they speak as fair, and tremble
When we threaten or we strike.

'They would run away and leave us,
Saying freedom is their right,
And that they are born our equals,
And that black is good as white.
But I'll send to Harper's Ferry;
Tell my husband not to waste
Time in trying Brown and others;
Hang him, and return in haste!

Not for him do I feel anxious;
The insurgents are but few—
Few, and wounded; they can't harm us,
And our troops are strong and true.
But I tremble for my children,
Now their father is away;
Be they with me, or be they absent,
They're not safe by night or day.

'Why did Brown come to Virginia?
We had slaves enough before
With our plagues, to keep them under;
Now we shall have ten times more.
Oh that I were in some free State,
Where a mistress need not fear
Every member of her household,
Every footstep that draws near!

Tenterden, (England). JANE ASHBY.

For the Liberator.

THE FUGITIVE.

Crouched beneath the broken tree-top,
In the forest lone and wild,
On a bed of withered oak-leaves
Slept a mother and her child.
Little heeded she the serpent,
Coiled, and hissing in her ear;
Little thought she of the wild wolf
That perchance was lurking near.

All her senses locked in slumber,
Shutting out the dreary past,
She was dreaming of the future—
Dreams of bliss too bright to last;
For the silvery waters that bounded
Slavery's cursed and blood-stained shore,
Pasting it from lands of Freedom
She had safely ferried o'er.

What cared she for hissing serpents,
Or the howl of wild forest things,
Beasts of prey were tender keepers
By the side of brutal men;
Brutal men, who chained and wronged her,
Blackening all her youth and prime
With the darkest, direst crimes,
With the blackest, foulest crime.

Now she deems her trials ended,
That upon Ohio's ground
No slave-whip can pursue her
With his whiplash, his chain and bound.
Closer, closer in her dreaming,
To her breast she clasps her child—
She is thinking of his father
In the far Canadian wild.

Hark! there comes a sound more fearful
To her ear than rife's crack;
'Up she springs with fainting terror—
'Tis the bloodhound on her track!
Down below a whirlwind's roar,
Over rocks a whirlwind wave—
Quick as lightning down she dashes
Her loved infant to its grave!

And she watched the bright waves catch it—
Loud she laughed as on they came—
Waiting calmly her pursuers
As with shouts they sped their game.
'Now we have her!' cries the master,
'Seize her, Terror!' Still she stood,
Till the hound had almost reached her,
Then she plunged into the flood.

Down the dashing waters bore her—
Down the tyrant rushed, all wild—
Rushed to save his human chattels,
Save the mother and her child.
But the God of mercy heard her
Cry of anguish, and no more
Tolled the spirit-broken Cora
On the old Virginia shore.

For the Liberator.

WITH A ROSE.

That bloomed on the day of John Brown's martyrdom.
In the long silence of the night,
Nature's benignant power
Woke aspirations for the light
Within the folded flower.

In presence and the gracious day,
Made summer in the room,
While woman's eyes dropped tender dew
On the little rose in bloom.
Then blossomed forth a grander flower,
In the wilderness of wrong,
Untouched by Slavery's bitter frost,
A soul devout and strong.

God-watched, that century plant uprose,
Far shining through the gloom,
Filling a nation with the breath
Of a noble life in bloom.
A life so powerful in its truth,
A nature so complete,
It conquered ruler, judge and priest,
And held them at its feet.

Grim Death seemed proud to a soul
So beautifully given,
And the gallows only proved to him
A stepping-stone to heaven.
Each cheerful word, each valiant act,
So simple, so sublime,
Spoke to us through the reverent hush
Which sanctified that time.
That moment when the brave old man
Went so serenely forth,

With footsteps whose unflinching tread
Re-echoed through the North.
The sword he wielded for the right
Turns to a victor's palm;
His memory sounds forevermore,
A spirit-stirring psalm.
No breath of shame can touch his shield,
Nor age dim its shine;
Living, he made life beautiful,
Dying, made death divine.

No monument of quarried stone,
No eloquence of speech,
Can grave the lessons on the land
His martyrdom will teach.
No eulogy like his own words,
With hero-spirit rife,
'I truly serve the cause I love,
By yielding up my life.' L. M. ALCOCK.

THE LIBERATOR.

HARD TO PLEASE.

Ever since Maria Edgeworth's beautiful tales were written, tales illustrating high and noble principles, and exemplifying a worthy and beautiful life, alike for childhood, youth and mature age, a certain set of people have been finding fault with them, and warning the public against them, as un-religious, some even going so far as to say irreligious. The people who admired the high moral tone of these works, and who thought themselves fortunate in being able to put into the hands of their children stories at once so pleasing and so useful as those of 'The Parent's Assistant,' 'Moral Tales,' and 'Popular Tales,' ventured to suggest that they certainly taught good moral lessons. The critics, ingeniously converting this eulogy into a reproach, stigmatized the author in question as a teacher of 'mere morality.' The objection evidently was, that in these stories (which pretended only to delineate human life and character in such a way as to give some useful practical lesson) neither the author nor the better class of her characters made any 'profession' of religion. The writer of stories was blamed for not incorporating religious professions and theological ideas into her narratives.

Well, time passed on, and there appeared in the world a Monthly Magazine which announced itself 'Devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics.' The authors of some of its papers in the department of 'Literature'—perhaps warned by the wide-spread approval of the criticisms above mentioned to avoid the imputation of 'mere morality,' perhaps impelled to speak of religion by their conviction of its paramount importance—introduced into their stories and sketches an occasional appeal to religious considerations; pointing out the correctness of those views of religion which they thought just and true, and also the incorrectness of those contrary views which they thought false and mischievous. Strange to say, the same class of people which formerly found fault with Miss Edgeworth for not putting religious considerations into her stories, now attacked the writers just mentioned, and the proprietors of the Magazine in which they wrote, for the expression of their ideas respecting religion. And the reason they gave for this objection, most astonishing of all, was that a publication of the character in question was neutral ground; that there was a tacit understanding that, in such a publication, no such ideas should be expressed, no such considerations appealed to; and that the people who had subscribed for 'Literature, Art, and Politics,' were somehow deceived and imposed upon if they were, gratuitously, a few suggestions about religion.

It really seemed, by the talk of these objectors about 'neutral ground,' and by the general way in which their objections were stated, (namely, as if for the benefit, not of their party only, but of the whole community,) that they had quite changed their ground since Miss Edgeworth's time, and came to the conclusion that, however excellent religion might be in itself, it ought not to be mingled, insinuated, or sifted in with other things, and should never be served up, except pure, unadorned, and with its appropriate label.

These things being so, all at once—as if a magician, with his 'Presto, change!' was playing his tricks with these people—they have now thrown a stone back to the old Edgeworth position—and have begun to find fault with Alexander von Humboldt and with Washington Irving, because they had not intermingled appeals to religious considerations, the one with his science, the other with his literature! What has become of the 'neutral ground' theory? These self-contradictory movements by themselves are suspicious. But, on tracing back the contents of the Magazine, in regard to this claim of outsiders that it should hold a 'neutral' position in religion was first made, we find evidence that this outcry was a partisan one from the beginning, and that the persons who made it had never any objection to the introduction, in that place, of ideas belonging to their theological party. Thus, not a lip of objection was heard to the elaborate detail of a religious experience fitted its subject for membership in an orthodox church. 'Ann Potter's Lesson,' coming to this result, had no unfitness for a Magazine devoted to 'Literature, Art, and Politics.' But when an equal earnestness of religious feeling is applied to the suggestion of ideas not belonging to the system self-styled 'orthodox,' then we have indignant remonstrance, and a theory of 'neutral ground'; which theory, on examination, proves precisely equivalent to the boyish formula—'Heads, I win; tails, you lose!'

C. K. W.

SLAVERY HAS NO RIGHTS THAT AN HONEST MAN IS BOUND TO RESPECT.

It is the habit of some to speak of Chattel Slavery as if it had rights. Monstrous thought! Most fatal mistake! What is Chattel Slavery? It is a crime against man! Where, then, are its rights? It is a crime against God! Where, then, are its rights? It is the sum of all crimes, the expression of all conceivable outrage. Again: where are its rights? In the nature of things, it has none—no, not one!

Do you speak of moral rights? The very term is an utterance against you. The question of moral rights involves the duties of rational beings towards each other. Your doctrine, then, in plain terms, is, that one man may seize another man, subject him to his will for life, and reduce him to the level of a brute! He has a mind, but you deny his right to use it; capacities of improvement, but you will not allow him to test their extent, or their quality; a heart that can love as broadly and as deeply as your own, but you crush its yearnings, lacerate its tenderest fibres, and snap asunder its dearest ties. If Slavery possesses moral rights, it has a right to perpetrate all these wrongs. Nay, these are not wrongs, if, on the side of the perpetrator, there is right. But few, however, are so morally debauched as to affirm slavery to be morally right—at least, in this community. But there are many—at least of its legal rights. A legal right, not based on a moral or natural right, is a legal fiction; not exactly, perhaps, what is known in law by that name, but, nevertheless, the most fruitful imagination never gave birth to a greater fiction, nor the most purulent to a more monstrous one. If we felt any inclination to argue the point at length, the highest authority, and legal authority, too, might be adduced in support of our position. Such names as Seneca, Cicero, Grotius, and Blackstone, Sydney, Milton and Burke, with a host of others, might be quoted on the side of the laws of nature against the laws of man. The way we propose to deal with this matter is a shorter, and, we think, an effectual one.

We affirm Chattel Slavery to be the greatest crime known among men, or imaginable among devils. Every man's consciousness supplies the evidence and demonstration, or it fails to testify of his man-

hood. Crime can have no legal rights. Who denies so plain a statement disturbs not the axioms, but hows under the foundation of his own welfare, the guaranty of his own safety. And in this position we leave him, that he may gather from experience what he should have known from intuition; he is taught, under the rod of a despot, the lesson he might have learned in the school of common sense.

There is another view of the extent of our obligation to tolerate slavery. We would press upon the attention of those who still cling, a little reluctantly, perhaps, to the letter of the law which killeth, to the neglect of the spirit which maketh alive. These doubting Thomases and lagging Peters are thrown completely off their moral balance by what they call the 'Compromises of the Constitution,'—a name given to a notorious device of the Old Serpent, in which he compounds for our denial of his right to curl his whole vile length on our heartstrings, by wheedling from us the privilege of introducing his fanged and venomous head into our credulity!

Now, whatever of sanctity, whatever of binding force might once be attached to 'compromises,' we affirm that it is completely annulled and destroyed by Slavery's own act. Slavery respects no compromises and no constitutions that offer a barrier to its desolating march. Look, look, ye worshippers of compromise, at the conduct of the South! The Constitution guarantees freedom of the press and of speech, does it not? Behold, how faithful is the South to the letter! The Constitution requires, that citizens of Massachusetts, traveling in another State on a peaceful and lawful errand, shall be treated with all the respect due to a sovereign State. Does the South do this? Does she not imprison our citizens—insult and brutally assault them? Has she not, a hundred times over, heaped outrage upon outrage upon our rights as men, and our sovereignty as a State, one single instance of which, in any foreign nation, would be held good cause for war, unless speedily redressed? Bear witness, Hoar, fleeing for thy life, with thy invalid daughter, before a howling Charleston mob! Bear witness, ye able mariners, now pining in the swamps and on the plains of the South, because a faithless and cowardly mob, who accepted the oath of your fealty, has barely left you to perish among thieves and robbers! When we point you, O worshippers of compromise, to that infamous law to facilitate man-hunting in free States,—a law that makes pagan hospitality a crime, repels the moral law, dethrones the God of Justice, and crowns the Moloch of blood and cruelty, annuls your boasted right of trial by jury, disarms the State of all power to protect its citizens from outrage and slavery,—when we point you to the Missouri Compromise demolished, that slavery may pour its lava tide of woes and crime over lands it had, in the most solemn manner, pledged itself, for a consideration promptly paid, to leave untouched forever; and then, maddened at the prospect of losing, after all her perjury, the stake for which she had bartered her honor and her soul, the South sends her armed ruffians into Kansas, drives honest and peaceful settlers from their humble homes, burns down their houses, steals cattle, violates women, shoots down unarmed travelers, drives legal voters from the polls, sometimes voting in their stead, and fraudulently multiplying even that fraudulent vote, and a legislature thus chosen enacting a code which, for injustice and villainy, for cold-blooded atrocity and diabolical wickedness, stands unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the civilized world;—when, O ye Thomases, who doubt what freedom is, and what she requires; when, O ye Aarons, who exalt a calf as the object of your reverence, into the place of God and his justice; when, in addition to this dark catalogue of crimes, of wrongs and insults, at the ruthless hand of Slavery, we cite you to its avowed purpose of repealing the laws against the infernal slave trade, or, failing that, to re-open the traffic in defiance of all law, human or divine,—we know we shall only say, that, with the turn of your heart, when we echo that, with the South, there is nothing sacred but Slavery! Now, we assert, that the South, by her own voluntary act, has degraded all success at which he aimed is certain, for God and his immeasurable hosts are on his side.

The affair at Harper's Ferry drew upon him the attention of the world, and now he wields the sword of the Spirit, on the right hand and on the left, with such effect as legions of men, and centuries of ordinary debate, could not otherwise have produced. Southerners ask, 'Who instigated you to this?' Brown steadily answers, 'God alone!' and they begin to suspect it is true, for there is something almost supernatural in his steady coolness, courage and self-possession, as they think.

When some of us first heard of his attempt, and its termination, it was with the feeling that the recital of it was too distressing to listen to, regarding it as the bitter fruit of slavery, in which there was no flavor of good, that a good and sensible man should become mad in consequence of its aggressions, and lead other rash men to pull down upon themselves a few stones from the citadel, too few to endanger slavery, but enough for their own destruction. But, like Mr. Conway, when he said Brown 'would excite but little sympathy,' we reckoned without our host. He has aroused the whole humanity of the nation, and every noble impulse will take sides with him.

We did not dream that he could so sustain himself through his fiery trials, and draw from them a blessing of such august meaning to the world. Does history afford a parallel?

God bless those noble women who have offered him help and sympathy! May I venture to say, every womanly heart is with them. There is not a mother or a sister in the North who would not deem it an honor and a privilege to take that grey head upon her knees, to dress its wounds, and wipe away the clotted blood.

I never lost command of myself but once, said the noble old soldier, and that once was in obedience to an impulse of humanity. What a lesson to youth! If for nothing else, he deserves immortality. There can never be too much said of the principal actor in the scenes at Harper's Ferry, but what of the others? Stephens, the superb Roman, and Coppock, (for that is his name, and not Copple, as it is printed,) that brave and beautiful youth with the blue eyes and pleasant countenance, who goes smiling to a felon's death. Can no mother, sister, or perchance, a nearer one yet, and a dearer one, be admitted to cheer the last days of his brief life, with the tender care so natural to his years? His mother (a widow) whose home is in our vicinity, has gone. I am told, to Harper's Ferry. What will be the result, no one can tell. I almost fear that the presence of these near and dear ones will weaken the fortitude of the brave prisoners. But true love is heroic, and one may hope everything from a woman like Mrs. Brown. May wife and mother both be enabled to send the beloved souls soothed and strengthened on the dark but short way 'up to the Hall of Heroes!'

How I wish we had one great Church where all could meet to spend the fatal day in prayer!

Yours, E. A. L.

JOHN BROWN.

This man must live in the world's history, and in the affections of all true lovers of freedom, so long as there are souls to appreciate noble self-sacrifice, true courage, and stern integrity.

I had a slight personal acquaintance with him, and differed with him somewhat radically as to the best means of removing wrong; and although the great martyr actually used instrumentalities for the slave's redemption which I lack both the physical courage and the moral conviction that would prompt me to use such, still, I should shrink from imputing to the hero of Harper's Ferry a less holy motive than that which actuates me in the choice of a different instru-

mentality for the accomplishment of the same great purpose.

Nor should we withhold our admiration of John Brown, even though it should be proven that he committed some retaliatory excesses on some of the murderous minions of unparalleled despotism in Kansas; for, while no allowance is to be made in favor of the bloody agents of slavery, much, very much is to be forgiven to the spirit of liberty that urged John Brown on to the defense of an outraged people; and it must also be considered that he had great provocation, under which he must have been something more than human, if he could have conducted himself with as much propriety and mercy amid the border-ruffians and murderers in Kansas as we, his critics, exhibit here in Massachusetts, in our peaceful parlors, surrounded by our families. Faults he had, no doubt; and who has not? But, with all of them, and in spite of them, we love him still. The fact that John Brown was hated and put to death in the flesh, by slaveholders, is a *prima facie* warrant to every person that takes offense for keeping his memory in grateful remembrance. But when it is also considered that he exhibited a towering heroism, and an almost unexampled spirit of self-sacrifice in behalf of the poor and down-trodden, together with unblemished integrity of principle and varied moral excellences, such as astonished and awed Virginia slaveholders and all his other enemies, except such as are represented by the *Fallingtons* and that other class of human monstrosities still more odious, which finds fitting expiation in the conductors of the New York *Observer*; when this is considered, I say, it becomes the duty as well as the privilege of all in the thickening ranks of Anti-Slavery to celebrate his virtues and commemorate his noble deeds, both by speech and song; by vigorous prose and lofty verse; and also in humble strains, truthful but not towering, such as are familiar to the common mind, such as the common people love to sing to popular, simple and expressive music. As a slight approximation towards such humble strains, the following unpretending stanzas are offered. The writer is aware that some may discover either in the versification or verbal expression some little indication of the presence of the parodie element, sufficient perhaps to remind them of a certain well known serio-humorous ditty that almost everybody, sometime or other, in the course of his life, has either heard or sung; but this I am sure will constitute, in no reasonable mind, a serious objection. Forever cherished be the fragrant memory of John Brown of Osawatimie!

JOHN BROWN IS GONE!

TUNE—Auld Lang Syne.

John Brown is gone, that good old man,

We'll miss his form no more;

He gave his life to free the slave

On old Potomac's shore.

John Brown is gone, that good old man,

He scorned to ask of other men

More than for them he'd do.

John Brown is gone, that good old man,

Who ne'er the poor refused;

Like him of Nazareth, he set

At liberty the bruised.

John Brown is gone, that good old man,

Who sought th' oppressed to free,

For which the tyrants in their wrath

Condemned him to the tree.

John Brown, to help the helpless slave,

Counted all else but loss;

Henceforth that hateful gallows tree

Is glorious like the cross.

John Brown still lives! a martyr crowned,

He walks the peaceful sphere;

While Freedom's foes, who shed his blood,

Are quaking with their fears.

John Brown still lives! let us rejoice

That such cannot be slain;

Nor listless lie in paradise,

But come to earth again.

Come, then, John Brown, inspire us all

With purpose true and strong,

And we will write our thoughts in deeds,

Till right shall conquer wrong!

Springfield, Jan., 1860. E. W. T.

JOHN BROWN MEETING IN INDIANA.

A meeting was held at Lexington, Lagrange Co., Indiana, on Sunday, Dec. 18, to listen to an oration on the death of John Brown and his associates. Wm. H. H. of Lexington, was chosen President, John F. Brothwell Vice President, and D. W. Rupert, Secretary.

After singing by the Springfield choir, Mr. Rouse addressed the meeting at some length, and was listened to with attention. The Chairman followed with a few brief remarks, when the following gentlemen were chosen to read resolutions: D. W. Rupert, S. Prentice, J. A. Fox, Geo. Gale, and J. T. Rouse.

The meeting adjourned till half-past 2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION. The house was called to order by the President; and, after singing by the choir, the Committee reported the following preamble and resolutions:—

Whereas, John Brown and his brave companions, in their recent attempt at Harper's Ferry, have proved themselves true friends of freedom and humanity; and whereas, they, on the 23d and 26th days of December, 1859, have by their deaths become at once the heroes and martyrs of the age; therefore,

1. Resolved, That we owe it to them to cherish their memories, and to make their bereaved friends the objects of our special care and sympathy.

2. Resolved, That Virginia, in her base and cowardly conduct towards these brave men, has rendered herself an object of contempt, and severe condemnation.

3. Resolved, That while we deplore the bitter and rancorous spirit existing between the two sections of the Union, nevertheless, we are ready for any emergency, and will meet it with a brave, unyielding spirit.

4. Resolved, That while we cannot subscribe to all the acts of Brown and his associates, yet we feel to honor them and hold the self-sacrifice they made in grateful remembrance, and feel that good will result from the example they have set, of noble courage, and in striking terror to the heart of the Slave Power.

The resolutions were taken up separately, and unanimously adopted.

The following preamble and resolution were then taken up and passed by a majority vote:—

Whereas, the American clergy and the American church have, by their reprehensible silence on the slavery question, served to strengthen the hands of the slaveholder; therefore,

Resolved, That, in the judgment of this meeting, they deserve only our contempt, until, by well-directed efforts in behalf of the oppressed, they shall entitle themselves to our sympathy and respect.

D. W. RUPERT, Sec'y.

Rev. Mr. Troy, of Windsor, C. W., addressed a large meeting in London on the evening of the 15th ult., on the condition of the fugitives in Canada. He stated that the number now there had reached 45,000, and had increased since the passage of the fugitive slave law at the rate of 1100 or 1200 each year. Mr. Troy remarked that he had been stationed four years at Windsor, the terminus of the Great Western Railway, at which point it was found most slaves arrived in their flight from the Southern States. His circuit included eight or ten different stations, with a population of 16,000 escaped slaves, and he was now seeking for pecuniary aid to complete a commodious chapel and school-room, which had already been commenced. On the motion of the Rev. Dr. McKerrow, seconded by Rev. A. Thompson, a resolution expressing sympathy with the object and confidence in Mr. Troy was carried by acclamation. Mr. George Thompson afterwards addressed the meeting, and a collection was made by Mr. Troy's project.

IT IS NOT A DYE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S

HAIR RESTORER.

The only preparation that has a

EUROPEAN REPUTATION.

Warranted not to contain deleterious substances.

This pleasant and valuable preparation has been used for many years by hundreds of the most distinguished and wealthy persons, who have previously tried all the nostrums of the day without success, some even injuring their hair and health. This is entirely different from all others.

'IS THERE ANY VIRTUE IN

Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorative?

We can answer this question by saying that we have already seen persons who have derived benefit from it.

'Persons personally known to us have come voluntarily, and told us of good results to either themselves or friends, who have used it before it became known in St. Louis.'

St. Louis, 1859.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Given in satisfaction, wherever it has been used. It can be used with perfect safety, and it perfect freedom from all soiling, renders it a very desirable article for the toilet.

Ch'n Witness and Ch. Advocate, Boston, Mass.

'MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is worthy of confidence.'

Philadelphia Christian Chronicle.

'Incomparably the best preparation we have ever used as the Hair Restorer.'

N. Y. Independent.

'Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER has taken its place at the head of all articles of the kind.'

Michigan Christian Herald.

Dispel all doubts as to its efficacy.'

Knawville Presbyterian Witness.

'There never has been a prescription or remedy for improving the hair, published in the Abstract, which was so fully endorsed by men of unquestioned standing, as in that of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S HAIR RESTORER will do this.'

U. S. Journal.

In these times, when every cosmetic is warranted as the greatest discovery of the present day, it is refreshing to come across that which is what it professes to be. A really excellent article is Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. As an assistant to nature, it is of great service; and a man by using it often prevents a serious and unnecessary loss of hair. Its properties are perfectly harmless, and it being a chemical compound of ingredients calculated to facilitate the natural growth of hair.

Saturday Evening Gazette, Boston.

Those of our readers whose hair is turning grey or losing its color, and who are opposed to using a dye, will find in Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER a preparation that will speedily change the hair to its natural color, and at the same time render it soft. It is superior to any heretofore produced for restoring and beautifying the hair, and possessing none of the burning qualities of a dye.

Philadelphia Mercury.

There is no Hair preparation, we believe, that has acquired more popularity than Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Why is this? Simply because it is a preparation of real merit, and has never failed, in a single instance, to produce the good effects ascribed to it on the part of its proprietors. Its sales are constant and most extensive, and we begin to think that it is destined most appropriately to be 'World's Hair Restorer.'

Newark Register.

We have reason to be assured that 'Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER' is among the best articles of its kind ever offered to the public, and its circulation and immense sales has achieved, fully demonstrate that its efficacy is generally appreciated.'

Rensselaer Register.

Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. The most successful remedy of the day. We knew of instances where its good effects have been remarkable.

Weekly Visitor, Franklin N. Y.

'From individual cases that have come under our own observation, we are satisfied that 'Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER' performs all that it promises, and that instead (as is the case with other restoratives) extensively used and highly recommended, of being a useful and harmless article, it is just what it is represented to be, and will perform all its proprietor engages it to perform. We therefore most cordially commend it to the notice and use of those of our readers who need a medicinal agent of this character.'

St. Louis Ledger.

'Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER—As we were travelling in Massachusetts a short time since, we met a lady whose appearance indicated that she had attained the age of fifty. So we inquired, and she assured us that she had used Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, and should have added several years. After some conversation she spoke of her hair, informing us that (two years ago, at least one half of it) was grey, and that she had feared that before then the whole would turn grey. It has been thoroughly tested, and found to be all its inventor claims for it, and to deny its excellence would be to deny the assertions made in its favor by scores and hundreds of the most respectable persons.'

Rochester Advertiser and Register.

Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is the best preparation for the hair, and is warranted to restore the hair and whisks, however grey, to their natural color. It has been before the public for many years, and its efficacy in restoring, invigorating, and beautifying the hair fully established, by hosts of persons throughout the country, has led to the manufacture of many worthless imitations, which have been successfully put in answer to numerous instances, upon the public as